

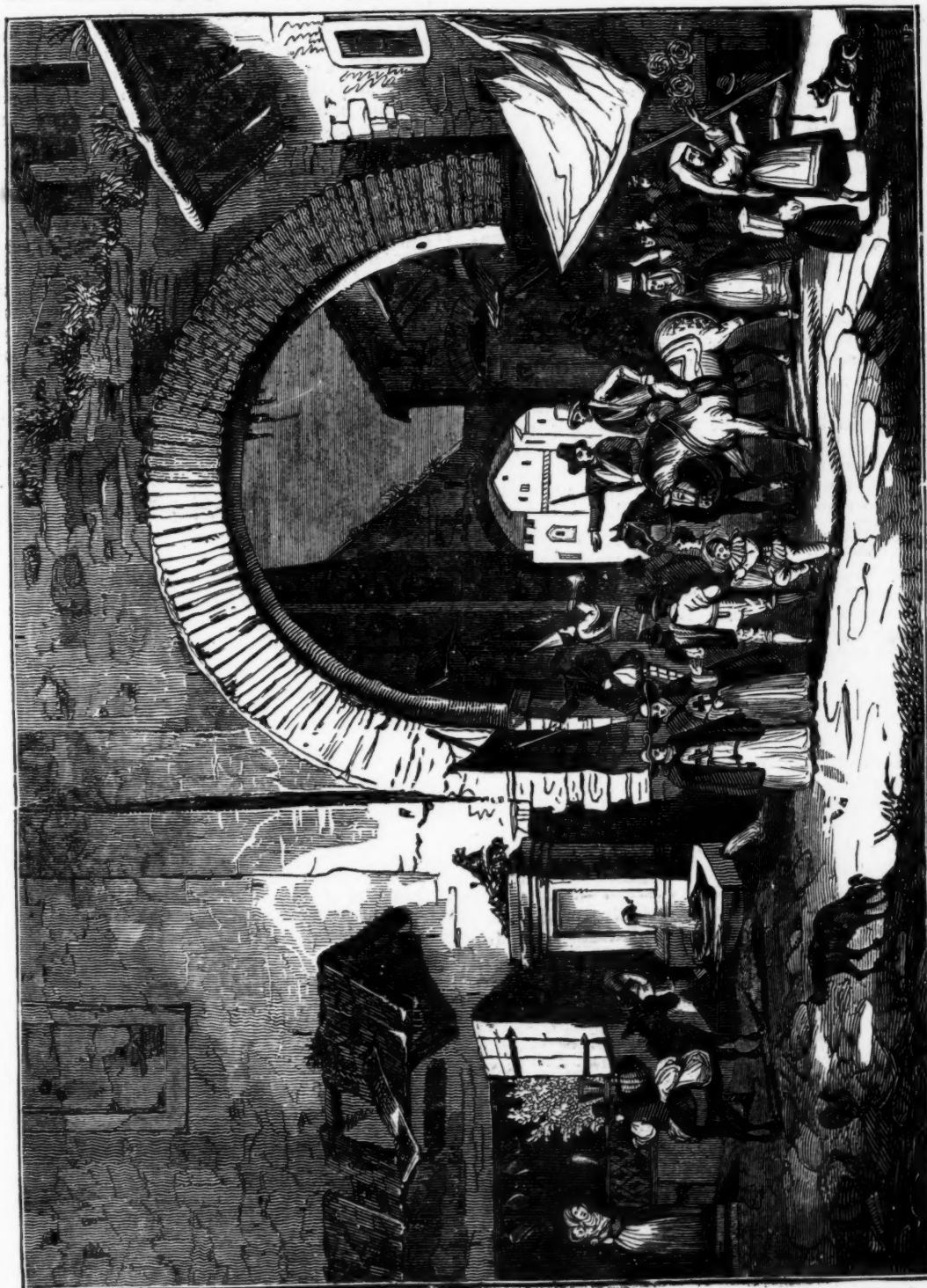
# Saturday Magazine.

N<sup>o</sup>. 99.

JANUARY

18<sup>TH</sup>, 1834.
 PRICE  
 ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION  
 APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



TIVOLI.

## TIVOLI.

MANY of our readers must have heard of Tivoli, the *Tibur* of the ancients,—so famed for the loveliness of its scenery,—for its beautiful groves, and its crumbling ruins,—its dark frowning caverns, and the wild cascades, which, dashing down its rocky steeps, rush, with frightful speed and deafening roar, into deep black yawning gulfs beneath. Its picturesque charms attract the attention of all travellers who visit Rome; and the stranger's pilgrimage to the "Eternal City" would be incomplete indeed, without an "excursion to Tivoli."

This enchanting spot stands to the north-eastward of Rome, at a distance of about nineteen miles. It is a bold eminence, rising out of the tract of country called the *Campagna*, and forming the termination of a projecting spur from the great chain of the Apennines, with which it is more immediately connected by the Sabine hills. The abruptness of its elevation produces a succession of rocky heights, which break the waters of the Teverone, into those splendid cascades, that contribute so largely to the beauty of the surrounding landscape. This river, the *Anio* of antiquity, has its source among the Apennines, in a cluster of lakes; early in its course, it suffers frequent interruptions, but thence continues flowing placidly along between shady hills, until at Tivoli, where the high ground terminates, it falls headlong down into the plain below. Above, stands the town, its site occupying both banks of the river; beyond it, on the North and East, rise, afar off, the mountains of the Sabine country; to the South, appear the heights of Frascati, bounding the plain into which the hill of Tivoli on that side slopes in steep declivities; while to the West, the view is open, and extends along the winding stream of the Teverone, as far as the great city itself, whose loftier buildings rear their high heads, conspicuous in the distance.

The road leading from Rome to Tivoli, passes through one of the most dreary and desolate portions of the extensive wilderness, which encompasses the "imperial city" on all sides, and renders its approach so melancholy and so sublime. After crossing and re-crossing the Teverone, by Roman bridges, the traveller arrives within three miles of Tivoli, at a spot where the circular monument of the Plautian family, much distinguished in the later days of the Republic, presents a fine and interesting object. To the right, a narrow by-way branches off to the remains of the villa of Hadrian, while the main road continues towards the town, ascending the steep hills on which it stands, through the extensive olive-groves that clothe their southern declivities. The first object that engages his attention on his arrival, is the ruin of a beautiful little circular temple, which crowns the summit of the rocky precipice, suspended, as it were, above the great cascade. This exquisite remain, which is by some assigned to the goddess Vesta, by others to the Sibyl, who reigned in the neighbouring groves, stands in a yard at the back of the "Sibilla Inn;" it consists of ten Corinthian columns, above which rises the entablature, originally supported by eighteen. Its appearance is extremely picturesque, and harmonizes well with the scenery around. Some years since, its beauty attracted the notice of an English nobleman, who purchased it of the inn-keeper, with the intention of transporting it to England, and re-erecting it in his park. The owner was just preparing to pull it down, when an order from the Papal government annulled the sale, and stayed all further proceedings. Our readers may obtain a correct

notion of this temple, by observing the north-west corner of the Bank of England, where its columns and entablature have been closely imitated, and a portion of its circular form also adopted.

Not far from this ancient edifice, are the remains of a little square building, which is supposed, by those who regard its neighbour as that of Vesta, to be the real temple of the Sibyl. The back of the temple, with a portion of one flank, and some Ionic half-columns, much decayed, are all that now exist. By its side, a winding pathway leads down the chasm into which the great cascade pours its rapid waters, and conducts to the grotto of Neptune,—a dark cavern, from which another fall, half-subterranean, rushes forth, and joins its foaming stream to that which rolls from above. The united mass dashes with frightful impetuosity into the deep and dark abyss below, and after tumbling a little among the rocks, is lost in a second cavern, called the grotto of the Siren. Crossing the stream on the top of this cavern, which forms the natural bridge of the *Ponte di Lupo*, the traveller descends on the opposite side, and entering its mouth, looks down into the channel through which the river rushes to its bed below. When he has reached the lower part of the stream, the view above him is enchanting. "Looking upwards," says Mr. Woods, "you see the temple, the city, the rocks, the falls, combined in the most magical manner. It is a scene, however, which it is difficult to characterize. It might be called sublime, if the objects of beauty were not so numerous; and if its sublimity and beauty were less impressive, you would pronounce it the most picturesque view that was ever beheld."

But the charms in which nature has decked this fairy scene are not its only attractions; it is linked with many classic recollections, and rich in pleasing associations to all who love to contemplate the bright days of old Rome, and look with interest on every memorial of her greatness. Its proximity to the capital, the beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and the fertility of its adjacent fields, all conspired to render it agreeable to the Romans, as a retreat from the anxious cares and occupations of their city; and the number and extent of the ruins which still adorn the neighbourhood of Tivoli, amply attest the estimation in which it was held. Tradition yet marks the spot, where is said to have once stood the splendid palace of the famed Mæcenæ, the wise counsellor of Augustus, and the liberal patron of genius and learning. Ruined villas (or rather the fragments of them,) are still pointed out, to which are attached the names of Brutus and Cassius, and the Pisos, and Varus, and Lepidus, and others, under the questionable belief that they once belonged to those noble Romans. The Emperor Hadrian here had his celebrated villa, and the ruins which yet exist are numerous. "The extent," says Mr. Woods, "is immense; we walked for above a mile among arches, great semi-domed recesses, long walls and corridors, and spacious courts; through an immense number of small apartments and large halls."—"Baths, academies, porticoes, a library, a *palaestra*\*, a *hippodrome*†, a menagerie‡, a *naumachia*§, an aqueduct||, theatres, both Greek and Latin, temples for different rites, every appurtenance suitable to an imperial seat," says Mr. Forsyth, "opened before me; but its magnificence is gone; it has passed to the Vatican,

\* A place for athletic exercises.

† A place appropriated to equestrian exercises.

‡ The Romans expressed the signification of this word by *vicarium*. It meant, as with us, a place where live animals were kept.

§ A place for the exhibition of sea-fights.

|| A conduit for the conveyance of water, supported on arches.

it is scattered over Italy; it may be traced in France. Any where but at Tivoli may you look for the statues and *caryatides*\*, the columns, the oriental marbles, and the mosaics, with which the villa was once adorned, or supported, or wainscoted, or floored." The causes of this ruin are other than the attacks of time. "Hadrian's invidious successors neglected or unfurnished it; the Goths sacked it; the masons of the dark ages pounded its marbles into cement; and antiquarian popes and cardinals dug into its concealing continents, only to plunder it."

The modern town of Tivoli is dirty and disagreeable in the extreme; and the meanness of its appearance but ill accords with the grandeur of the scenery in which it is embosomed. Its streets are filthy, and the houses small; although occasionally are to be seen some large mansions. The population is said to amount to 10,000 inhabitants; but the town has greatly declined from its ancient importance.

The engraving prefixed to this article, contains a view of the *Piazza Publica*, or Market-Place, and exhibits a curious picture indeed. The centre of attraction seems to be some very interesting exhibition, which engrosses the attention of a motley crowd of loiterers. The ever-active Punch, or *Pulcinello*, as he is called, is of course present, and contributing to their amusement. This curious personage is purely an Italian character, and bears no resemblance to the grotesque show which usurps the name with us. He seems to be a caricature of the Apulian peasant, and is introduced in almost every farce in the Italian Theatre, playing a part similar to that usually assigned to the *Vice*, or *Fool*, in our old English moralities. He is naturally a Neapolitan, and among his countrymen is, as Mr. Forsyth observes, "a person of real power; he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day; he is the channel, and sometimes the source of the passing opinions; he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour."

The dress of *Pulcinello*, is a very ample shirt, hanging down on every side, but particularly in front, over a pair of white trowsers. The design of this costume, Mr. Galiffe suggests, is to show the capacity he *could* fill, if he had but enough to eat of his favourite macaroni. "He wears (like harlequin) on the upper part of his face, a black half-mask, of which," says that gentleman, "I could never guess the origin. His character is a strange mixture of the deepest ignorance and natural wit; malice and simplicity; keen repartees; cunning and stupidity. He is always a thief and a pickpocket; but at the same time, is himself the easiest of dupes; a great braggadocio, but a complete coward. Whenever questions are put to him, to which he cannot reply without danger, he affects downright idiocy, and pretends not to understand a word. He does not bear ill-will to others, but he has a particular fondness for himself; and he has an enormous appetite, without the means of feeding it. In short, he is like Caliban in some things, like Sancho in others, like Falstaff in many, but yet different from them all."

Tivoli possesses a cathedral and several churches, many of which probably occupy the sites of ancient temples. The inhabitants embraced the Christian religion at an early period; and the annalist, Baronius, preserves a traditional legend, which ascribes their conversion to a curious event, quite in accordance with the romantic character of the region in which its occurrence is placed. It appears, that, in the reign of the Emperor Decius, a young lady of noble extraction, named Victoria, was warned by an

angel to consecrate herself to heaven. A young patrician, however, to whom she had been betrothed, opposed her desire of obeying what she regarded as the Divine command; and on her persisting in her determination, she was sent to Tivoli, and there confined until she should abandon her design. At that time, a poisonous dragon infested the neighbourhood of the town, and was a terror to its inhabitants. Victoria promised that she would subdue the dreaded foe, on the condition that the Tiburtines would consent, in return, to become Christians. She succeeded, and they adopted her religion; and among the converts, who are said to have yielded to the influence of this miracle, Baronius places Zenobia, the captive queen of Palmyra, who had graced the triumph of the Emperor Aurelian, and to whom a residence near Tibur had been assigned.

#### THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE, AND THE BAGGAGE-ASS.

THE following anecdote is taken from *A Visit to Flanders* and will give some idea of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo.

"I had the good fortune," says the intelligent writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and innocence. The husband was at the battle of Quatre-Bras as well as that of Waterloo. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre-Bras; but he left with his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon an ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated, but being suddenly ordered, he contrived to get a message to his wife, to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and make off with the horse, leaving the helpless young lady alone with the baggage-ass."

With a firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced, on foot, her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, at Waterloo, in the evening, when the army were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her *there* would embarrass and distress him, she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all night, the road choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of fugitives on the road, and flying into the great road, and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping at every step, and breathing their last; here and there lay a corpse or a limb, particularly, as she said, several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if they by chance stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves; and to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn to pieces.

Full twelve miles further, during the night, this young woman marched, up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was bare-footed, but still, unhurt, she led her ass; and, although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, ass, bag, and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannons' roar of the tremendous battle of Waterloo, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; she was rewarded, amply rewarded, by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the following day. The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his dear little woman, and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life.

\* Female statues, used in architecture as the substitutes of columns.



ON SOME OF THE BENEFITS RESULTING FROM  
POETRY.

It is related of some good man, (I forget who,) that, upon his death-bed, he recommended his son to employ himself in cultivating a garden, and in composing verses, thinking these to be at once the happiest and the most harmless of all pursuits. Poetry may be, and too often has been, wickedly perverted to evil purposes,—what indeed is there that may not, when Religion itself is not safe from such abuses! But the good which it does, inestimably exceeds the evil. It is no trifling good to provide means of innocent and intellectual enjoyment for so many thousands, in a state like ours; an enjoyment, heightened, as in every instance it is within some little circle, by personal considerations, raising it to a degree which may deserve to be called happiness. It is no trifling good to win the ear of children with verses which foster in them the seeds of humanity, and tenderness, and piety; awaken their fancy, and exercise, pleasurably and wholesomely, their imaginative and meditative powers. It is no trifling benefit to provide a ready mirror for the young, in which they may see their own best feelings reflected, and wherein “whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,” are presented to them in the most attractive form. It is no trifling benefit to send abroad strains which may assist in preparing the heart for its trials, and in supporting it under them. But there is a greater good than this,—a further benefit. Although it is in verse that the most consummate skill in composition is to be looked for, and all the artifice of language displayed, yet it is in verse only that we throw off the yoke of the world, and are, as it were, privileged to utter our deepest and holiest feelings. Poetry, in this respect, may be called the salt of the earth; we express in it, and receive in it sentiments, for which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance. And who can tell, in our heart-chilling and heart-hardening society, how much more selfish, how much more debased, how much worse we should have been, in all moral and intellectual respects, had it not been for the unnoticed and unsuspected influence of this preservative? Even much of that poetry, which is in its composition worthless, or absolutely bad, contributes to this good. Even those poets who contribute to the mere amusement of their readers, while that amusement is harmless, are to be regarded with complacency, if not respect. They are the butterflies of literature, who, during the short season of their summer, enliven the garden and the field. It were pity to touch them even with a tender hand, lest we should brush them down from their wings.—SOUTHEY.

## TO CONTENT.

HAIL, sweet Content, thy joy impart,  
Entwine thy wreath around my heart;  
When morn unfolds the gates of light,  
When orient beams salute my sight,  
And when the full meridian hour,  
Delays the sun's refulgent power,  
When Sol's retiring, tepid ray,  
Proclaims the dusky close of day;  
When night, enveiled in sombre hue,  
Bids all Aurora's tints adieu,  
May kind contentment bless my soul,  
And Care's corrosive power control!  
In this bright world, with blessings fraught,  
Can man indulge one gloomy thought?  
Can he exclaim, in cold *ennui*,  
This world presents no charms for me?  
Ungrateful, thus, for blessings given,  
Impeach the generous will of heaven!  
The night, the morn, the fervid noon,  
The solar beams, the silver moon,  
The gentle shower, the purling rill,  
The smiling vale, the rising hill,  
The health-inspiring gale that blows,  
Each sweetly-blooming flower that grows,  
The fertile land, the curling sea,  
Are given, ungrateful man, to thee!  
Then let Contentment's sterling worth,  
Give thee a splendid heaven on earth.

THE greater part of mankind, employ their first years to make their last miserable.—DE LA BRUYERE.

## OUR LADY'S WELL, AT HALYSTONE.

PAULINUS, the famous Missionary among the Saxons of Northumberland, according to Bede, in the year of our Lord 627, visited Bernicia, which comprised the country between the Tyne and the Frith of Forth, and baptized great multitudes of the inhabitants in the River Glen, near the royal residence of Adyefrir, now called *Yevering* in Glendale, which is a secluded and beautiful vale in Northumberland. Tradition also consecrates the Wells of Waltown, the birth-place of Bishop Ridley, and of Halystone, as places where the same distinguished Missionary of the see of Rome initiated great numbers of the neighbouring people into the doctrines of the Christian faith; and Leland says, that “some hold the opinion, that at Halystane, on the River Coquet, Paulinus in one day christened 3000 people.” The name of Halystone, indeed, very clearly points it out as a place where some cross or pillar had, in ancient times, been erected to commemorate some important event, connected with the rites or history of the church of Christ.



STATUE IN OUR LADY'S WELL, AT HALYSTONE.

The high antiquity of the place may also be inferred, from a Roman paved road running past it, from the great station of Bremenium in Redesdale, to Badle Bay, opposite to Lindisfarne, or Holy Island; and it seems highly probable, that the Bishop and Monks of the Cathedral there, when they fled before the arms of the Danes with the body of St. Cuthbert, in 875, travelled upon this road, and set up here, as in many other places where they rested, some memorial of the spot having been consecrated by the presence of the remains of an aged Bishop, which the credulity of the times deified, and converted into the local god of the kingdom and diocese of Bernicia. Mr. Raine, in his exceedingly curious and interesting account of the “Opening of the Tomb of Saint Cuthbert in the Cathedral of Durham in 1827,” has started the opinion, that the flight of the Monks

was by this route; and, besides the churches of Elsdon, Haydon Bridge, and Beltingham, which are dedicated to St. Cuthbert, as he supposes, from their sites being resting-places of the remains of that Saint, a large pedestal of a cross, still remaining by the side of Headshope Barn, on the way between Halystone and Elsdon, and the church of Cross-auset, three miles to the south of Elsdon, may be pointed out as probable memorials of events occurring during the same flight from the See of Lindisfarne.

This Well is now called *Our Lady's Well*, no doubt from the little convent of Halystone being dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. No custom or tradition lingering in the neighbourhood, however, points it out as being resorted to at the Feasts of the Nativity, and of St. John the Baptist, at the summer solstice, or at any other season, as a place of religious festivity; but it is still holden in great veneration by the people of the neighbourhood: and Mr. Farquhar, the proprietor of the place, in 1780, built a wall of ashlar-work around the brim of the fountain, and made a walk round its margin, which he sheltered with a plantation of forest-trees, and then defended the whole with a quickset-hedge. The statue in its centre was brought by the same gentleman from Alnwick, where it was carved by the artist employed by the Duke of Northumberland to make the figures on the battlements of the castle there, and among the ruins of Huln Abbey. The water of this Well is exceedingly copious, and so bright and clear, that every grain of the green and white sand which forms its bottom, may be distinctly seen. The nunnery here, portions of which still appear in the *Millhouse*, and in other buildings of the village of Halystone, was founded by one of the great family of Umfreville; and was the only monastical institution which that race of warriors established in their principality of Redesdale, within which the ville of Halystone was situated.

J. H.

Kirkwhelpington.

#### ON THE MODE OF BURIAL IN DIFFERENT AGES AND COUNTRIES.

Of the various modes of burial which have prevailed in the world, *inhumation*, or placing the body under the surface of the ground, seems to be the most ancient. It probably suggested itself naturally, as the most simple and readiest method of disposing of the dead as soon as decomposition began to take place. The custom of burying families in the same place seems also to have been a natural result of the feelings of attachment to our parents and relatives implanted by Providence, and of the obscure and indefinite ideas entertained in remote ages of the nature of the soul, a resurrection, and a future state.

It is to be remarked, that as early as the time of Abraham, the custom of family burial-places was already well established, as appears by Gen. xxiii. 6. "Thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our *sepulchres* bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee *his sepulchre*, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." And the simple and affecting words of Jacob, many years later, are sufficiently explanatory of the motives which have ever since influenced mankind, and which will probably continue to preserve this ancient custom, at least, to a certain extent, for ages to come. "*Bury me with my fathers*, in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. \* \* \* \* \* There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and *there I buried Leah*." Gen. xlix. From

numerous passages in the Old Testament and in profane history, it is evident that the greatest importance was attached to this ceremony, and that its deprivation was supposed to be accompanied with disgrace. The Greeks and Romans thought that the soul never enjoyed rest or happiness unless the body was burnt or interred. Tobit went about burying the dead bodies of his murdered countrymen at the hazard of his life; more than one of the early Greek tragedies (particularly the *Antigone* of Sophocles) derive their whole interest from a contest for the right of burial; and the Athenians, at the most flourishing period of their civilization, made the neglect to bury the bodies of their fellow-citizens who had fallen in a naval battle, a pretence to execute all the chief commanders present on the occasion; and David highly commended those who rescued the body of their king from the hands of their enemies, and paid it the last honours. (2 Sam. ii. 5.)

The practice of burning dead bodies is of very remote antiquity, though not so ancient as that of burying. It is difficult satisfactorily to account for the origin of this custom. Possibly it was connected with that of burnt offerings; and those who first practised it, may have thought that they were disposing of the dead in the way most acceptable to that Being, who they knew had commanded them to burn the bodies of animals in his honour. The body of Saul was burnt, and his bones buried; and it is to be observed, that this, the first instance of the rite being practised among the Jews, did not occur until they had, as we know, imbibed many of the habits and manners, and not a few of the religious superstitions, of the neighbouring idolaters. Burning is still practised throughout India, in Japan, Tartary, Siam, and in other parts of the East, and, formerly, prevailed in the northern countries of Europe. It existed very early amongst the Greeks and Romans, but by no means excluded simple burial. Some barbarous nations exposed the bodies of their dead without burial or burning. This was the case amongst the ancient Scythians, who attached them to trees; and, at this day, the Otaheiteans, and other islanders of the Pacific Ocean, expose their dead under small open sheds, or on low stages, to the action of the atmosphere. This singular custom is by no means attributable to neglect; the most constant attention is paid to the mouldering remains, but the fineness of the climate, joined to a natural reluctance to shut out for ever from their view the forms they had loved, revered, or admired, probably led the survivors to this expedient. It is believed to be now confined to these islands, where the progress of Christianity will soon cause its entire abolition.

Having thus briefly noticed the different modes of disposing of bodies after death, we will proceed to consider the places of burial and burning, and conclude with a short account of the various ceremonies performed in honour of the dead, in different countries and at different times.

In ancient times, it does not appear that any thing was determined, particularly, with regard to the place of burying the dead. There were graves in the town and country, upon the highways, in gardens, and on mountains. The tombs of the Kings of Judah were in Jerusalem, and in the royal gardens. The sepulchre which Joseph of Arimathea had provided for himself, and wherein he placed our Saviour's body, was in his garden; that of Rachel was upon the highway from Jerusalem to Bethlehem; the Kings of Israel had their burying-places in Samaria; Samuel and Joab were interred in their own houses; Moses, Aaron, Eleazar, and Joshua, in mountains; Deborah

under a tree; Manasseh and Amon in the garden of Uzza. Amongst the Greeks and Romans the custom seems to have been as various; and the neighbourhood of their temples does not seem, by any means, to have been a favourite spot. The Jews, Greeks, and Romans, always buried their dead without the city walls; it was considered a very high privilege to bury within the walls; the vestal virgins, and some few noble families amongst the Romans, were thus buried. They had both private and public burying-grounds in the neighbourhood of the city. The Turkish burying-grounds are placed near the way-side, with the idea that passengers will pray for the soul of the deceased; they are always very neatly ornamented. Among the primitive Christians, burying in towns was not at first customary, but soon after churches were erected in this country, burials took place in the church-yards, probably about A.D. 800, and persons of rank and eminence were buried inside the churches. The reason for permitting this, given by Pope Gregory the Great, was, that the sight of the tombs of the dead might move the living to say prayers for their souls. The custom of burying in vaults, in chancels, and under the altars, was not introduced for nearly 200 years after that of burying in churches; the first instance in England occurred about A.D. 1075, when Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, rebuilt the cathedral there. The Egyptians generally buried in caves. The Hindoos have no appointed places, generally throwing the remains, after burning, into the Ganges. The Guebres, descendants of the ancient Persians, and the Parsees in the East Indies, supposed to have a common origin, expose their dead in open towers, to be devoured by birds of prey, which the earliest histories mention to have been the custom of their ancestors.

We will now consider the different ceremonies with which burial was, and is, accompanied among different nations and religious sects.

The Jews seem to adhere as closely as possible to their ancient funeral ceremonies. All who are present when a person has just expired, still tear their clothes. The dead body is then placed on a sheet spread on the floor, with the thumb turned inward to the hand, and a wax-taper burning at the head or feet. The deceased is washed, and a clean shirt put on, and over the shirt a garment of fine linen, which he wore on the day of solemn expiation; then his *taled*, which is a piece of square cloth with tufts; lastly, a white cap is put on his head, and the coffin-sheet. The relatives meet to accompany it to the grave. In ancient times they had women hired to cry, and persons who played mournfully on instruments. At the place of burial, the coffin is set down on the ground; then, if the deceased was a person of rank, a speech is made in his honour, after which they walk ten times about the grave, repeating a prayer beginning "God is the rock, his way is perfect, &c." Deut. xxxii. 4. The body is lowered into the grave, the nearest relations throw in earth, and the grave is filled. When they depart, they walk backwards, and pulling up some grass three several times, they throw it behind their backs, repeating, "They shall flourish like the grass of the earth." Ps. lxxii. 16.

The ancient Greeks were very ceremonious in the disposal of their dead, but the customs varied in the different states. The bodies of persons of rank were either burned or buried, and had frequently beautiful monuments erected to them. The earliest specimens of inscriptions on monuments, are found in Grecian history; and they seem first to have introduced the

custom of giving great men splendid funerals at the public expense. One of Solon's laws is directed against the extravagant expense of funerals, at which dirges were sung by regularly-trained chorusses, and splendid exhibitions of games often given. We have a curious account of the honours paid by Pericles to those who had fallen in battle, in the service of their country. The bodies were exposed in cypress-wood coffins, placed beneath a large tent, where their relatives mourned over them, and strewed flowers and herbs. Three days afterwards, being placed on cars, with one empty for those whose bodies were missing, they were carried to the place of interment in procession where games were performed, an oration made in their honour, and monuments erected to their memory, with their names, ages, and the place at which they fell, inscribed on them.

Among the Romans, persons of rank lay in state after death, with a small coin placed in the mouth, to pay Charon their passage over the Styx. Private funerals were generally at night, which was, in the early times of Rome, the case with all funerals. Public funerals were conducted with great state; a person called *Designator*, (whose office corresponded with that of our undertaker,) with lictors in black, marshalled the procession, which was preceded by musicians, and women hired to lament and sing, with buffoons, one of whom (*Archeminus*, or the chief mimic,) imitated the deceased, and composed of persons carrying the busts of his ancestors, the spoils and rewards gained in war, the family next behind the corpse, troops with inverted arms, magistrates, &c. Sometimes it stopped in the Forum, where a funeral oration was spoken. It was afterwards burnt, the relations lighting the pyre; the bones were carefully collected, and placed in an urn, which was deposited in the sepulchre. In the urn was placed a small phial, supposed to contain tears, and called a *lacrymatory*. This custom was not confined to the Romans, as we learn from the passage in the Psalms, relating to this subject, "Put my tears into thy bottle;" Ps. lvi. 8. Flowers were used to adorn the bier, and also the tomb, when the body was interred. Sacrifices and ceremonies for purification were performed, and a lamp frequently kept burning.

Amongst the Hindoos, the dying are carried into the open air, and sprinkled with water from the Ganges, when it can be obtained; bits of coral and gold are placed in the mouth, nostrils, eyes, and ears; a cloth is thrown over the body, which, if in a town, is carried out by a particular gate, according to the *CASTE* of the deceased, to the neighbourhood of a river, where it is burnt, the relatives lighting the pile, and pouring water from the river, from the joined palms of their hands; they then sit down, and recite moral sentences. Offerings are made for ten days, at the end of which the nearest kinsman buries the bones, which are afterwards taken up, and thrown into the sacred stream of the Ganges. The spot where it was burned is frequently commemorated by planting trees, erecting a mound, or making a tank or pond. The custom of the Hindoo widows burning themselves with the bodies of their husbands cannot at present be discussed: suffice it to say, that similar customs have prevailed amongst pagan nations, and are by no means rare at the present day, particularly amongst the African tribes, though it seems doubtful whether it is so completely voluntary, as it is said to be amongst the Hindoos. The same custom prevailed as early as Alexander the Great's expedition. It is now on the decline in India, and is forbidden by the Government in the British territories.



The Mahometans inter their dead in a very few hours after life has been extinct; their predestinarian opinions prevent their showing much grief, or using much ceremony on these occasions. Passages from the Koran are repeated on the way to the burial-ground, and as the carrying of a dead body is by them supposed to expiate a deadly sin, all who meet the procession generally assist in it. The body is interred lying on the right side, and turned towards Mecca. The Imaum, or priest, repeats a prayer, and calls the deceased three times by his name, and mentions that of his mother. This custom was sometimes observed amongst the Romans; and in Ireland the female mourners frequently interrogate the deceased, as to why he left them, whether he had not all that he wanted, &c. But little lamentation occurs at the Mahometan funerals, though the relatives frequently visit the grave, strew flowers, and plant shrubs and trees near it. Large burying-grounds, outside the walls of Mahometan cities, have thus a very neat appearance.

The Chinese spare no expense in order to have a splendid funeral, for which they make preparations long before death, and the lands of the deceased are frequently sold in order to provide ample funds for the purpose. Large sums are laid out by the living on their coffins, which are often presented to parents or relatives during their lives. They are often adorned with painting, sculpture, and inscriptions. The body lies in state, in several suits of the best clothes, with provisions for the next world. All visitors make obeisance to the corpse and treat it with great respect, frequently complimenting the family on the splendour of the coffin. At all the family meals, food is offered to the corpse. The priests are consulted as to the choice of a place of interment, to which much importance is attached, and the eldest son precedes the body when carried to the grave, and pretends to interrupt its passage.

The Indians of North and South America generally carry the bones of their dead (after the flesh has decomposed or been removed), wrapt in deer skins or hides, to the places where their ancestors may have been interred; frequently, from their wandering habits, at enormous distances. Many tribes destroy all that belonged to the dead, and never mention or allude to them.

The funerals of the African tribes are in general splendid. Those of the chiefs and great men are accompanied by human sacrifices to a horrible amount. Their wives, slaves, captives, and horses, are slain; their arms, clothing, and treasures, are buried with them. These horrible sacrifices are often made by survivors to pacify the shades of their ancestors.

It were needless to enumerate the ceremonies performed at funerals in this country, with which most of us are but too well acquainted. In Ireland, women are still hired to howl and cry at the head of the procession; and in Wales, graves are strewed or planted with flowers. The funeral feast, or *wake*, is, in the former country, but too often desecrated by riot and drunkenness.

It is curious to observe, how much the notions entertained by different nations of the future state, have influenced their funeral ceremonies. The more savage tribes, and nations more completely Pagan, conceiving the next world to bear a very intimate resemblance with the present, inter the arms, food, and treasures of the dead; sacrifice their women, horses, and slaves, which they imagine will be useful in another state. The ancient Greeks and Romans, whose Paganism was far less gross, retained

a few forms of this kind (such as placing the coin in the mouth, from habit and superstition), but their public spirit and military character led them to the employment of such ceremonies, as might flatter the vanity and stimulate the exertions of the living, rather than to any which might have been imagined to affect the future state of the deceased. The simplicity of the earlier Christian funerals was only obliterated by the love of display in all religious ceremonies which was encouraged by the Romish church, and the great anxiety for the performance of masses for the dead, shows, in Catholic countries, the importance attached to them with regard to the future state of the soul.

**QUANTITY OF BLOOD IN ANIMALS.**—Those who have not considered the subject, must be surprised at the quantity of blood which is propelled through the heart of any moderately-sized animal in the course of twenty-four hours. In man, the quantity of blood existing in the body at any given moment, is probably from thirty to forty pints. Of these an ounce and a half, or about three table spoonfuls, are sent out at every stroke; which multiplied into seventy-five (the average rate of the pulse) give eleven hundred and twenty-five ounces, or seven pints in a minute; *i. e.*, four hundred and twenty pints, or two hundred and fifty-five gallons in an hour; and twelve hundred and sixty gallons, *i. e.* nearly twenty-four hogsheads in a day. Now if we recollect that the whale is said to send out from his heart, at each stroke, fifteen gallons, the imagination is overwhelmed with the aggregate of the quantity that must pass through the heart of that Leviathan of the deep in twenty-four hours. It is a general law, that the pulse of the larger animals is slower than that of the smaller; but even if we put the pulse of the whale as low as twenty in a minute, the quantity circulated through the heart, calculated at fifteen gallons for each pulsation, will be four hundred and thirty-two thousand gallons, equal to eight thousand hogsheads, in twenty-four hours. The consideration of this amazing quantity is, however, a subject of mere empty wonder, if not accompanied with the reflection, that, in order to produce the aggregate amount, the heart is kept in constant motion; and that, in fact, it is incessantly beating, as it is termed, or throwing out the blood in the arteries, from the first period of our existence to the moment of our death, without any sensation of fatigue, or even without our being conscious of the process, except it be interrupted by corporal or mental agitation.

The earth on which we tread, was evidently intended by the Creator to support man and other animals, along with their habitations, and to furnish those vegetable productions which are necessary for their subsistence; and, accordingly, he has given it that exact degree of consistency, which is requisite for these purposes. Were it much harder than it now is; were it, for example, as dense as a rock, it would be incapable of cultivation, and vegetables could not be produced from its surface. Were it softer, it would be insufficient to support us, and we should sink at every step, like a person walking in a quagmire. The exact adjustment of the solid parts of our globe, to the nature and necessities of the beings which inhabit it, is an instance of divine wisdom.—DICK.

CAN any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little: and yet, you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, even when he seems to be provided with all things; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves.—ISAAC WALTON.

MANNERS are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, in sensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—BURKE.

## THE IDOLS OF THE SAXONS.

## III. TUISCO.

"THE next unto the idols after the two most apparent planets was the idol of Tuisco, the most ancient and peculiar god of all the Germans: here described in his garment of a skin, according to the most ancient manner of the Germans' clothing.



TUISCO.

"This Tuisco was the first and chiefest man of name among the Germans, after whom they do call themselves *Tuipshen*, that is, Duitsh people: and the day which yet among us retaineth the name of Tuesday was especially dedicated to the adoration and service of this idol."—*Verstegan*.

The Germans regarded this Tuisco, or Tuisto, as the founder of their nation. He is also said to have given them laws, and to have gained so high a degree of honour among that rude people, that after death they placed him among their gods; and, as one of the chief ceremonies of his worship, sang songs to his praise. Who or what Tuisco was, we have no means of knowing; but the mysterious and important tone in which Tacitus mentions his pedigree is rather whimsical; "In all songs and ballads (the only memorials of antiquity amongst the Germans) the god TUISTO, who was born of the earth, and Mannus his son, are celebrated as the founders of their race." Thus the word MAN is supposed to have been changed by the Roman historian into *Mannus*, just as EARTH was into *Hertha*. Of these we like the Saxon names far better than the Latin which have been corrupted from them: and we may here state, once for all, that we think the good old Saxon (now really English) words have more muscle than most other words; and that a sentence formed chiefly, if not wholly, of them, has more strength and meaning than it would have when encumbered by terms of Greek and Latin growth.

But to return to the subject of the engraving. It was agreeable to the pride of a bold and ignorant

people, who were making their way in the world, to fancy the earth itself the parent of their founder. Without waiting to show the folly of this idea, we will proceed, as a matter of curious but useful inquiry, to consider who the Anglo-Saxons, on their first finding a footing in this country, really were.

The Saxons, a German people, had extended themselves from the Elbe to the Rhine; and their fierce and warlike conduct had long alarmed the western regions of Europe. When the Romans quitted Britain, and, leaving it defenceless, returned to their own land, in consequence of hostile attacks at home, the Saxons flocked hither, being called in as friends and allies, against the Picts and Scots. Thus, during the fifth and sixth centuries after the Christian era, England continued to be peopled with Saxons: but instead of friends they soon became masters, and the ancient inhabitants, and the descendants of the Roman settlers, soon disappeared; and the Saxon tongue, Saxon laws, Saxon government, and manners, gradually overspread the land. This people brought much that was good with them; and it has been truly said, that the "British constitution came out of the woods of Germany." But the converted Saxons must have remembered the idolatrous practices of their ancestors with too much disgust, to record them for the notice of after-ages.

It would be very desirable to give a complete portrait of the Anglo-Saxons, in their religion and customs, during their uncivilized state. On this subject, however, curiosity must expect to be disappointed, as we can only judge by those slight sketches which are scattered here and there, in works which time has spared.

The same degree of uncertainty exists respecting the ancestors of this extraordinary race; but the best and most probable opinion seems to be, that they were SCYTHIAN tribes, who came out of Asia, and made their appearance in Europe, in the seventh or eighth century before the Christian period. They are mentioned by Homer and Herodotus. Besides their situation, and other circumstances which have been brought together to strengthen this theory, the Scythians had certain customs exceedingly like those that prevailed among the Germans. They had seven deities; one of a warlike character, to whom they sacrificed every year, horses, and sheep, and some of their prisoners. Their bows and arrows were famous. In battle, they drank the blood of the first enemy they mastered. They scalped their foe, and offered his head to their king; and they made drinking-cups of the skulls of their greatest enemies or conquered friends. They had diviners, who used rods of willow for prophesying. Homer praises their honesty, and Strabo mentions their indifference about money and trade. Thus the Scythians, and *Getae*, (a nation of Scythians, whence some have derived the word GOTHs,) may be accounted the early ancestors of our Anglo-Saxon fathers. This is going back further, we suspect, than TUISCO, though not quite so far as the Earth, for the parent of the Saxons.

INDUSTRY ANOTHER WORD FOR HAPPINESS.—"The old man near the Hague, that served my house from his dairy, grew so rich that he gave it over; bought a house, and furnished it at the Hague, resolving to live at ease the rest of his life; grew so weary of being idle, he sold it, and returned again to his dairy."—SIR W. TEMPLE.

## LONDON:

JOHN WILLIAM PARKER, WEST STRAND.

PUBLISHED IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND IN MONTHLY PARTS, PRICE SIXPENCE, AND

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsreaders in the Kingdom.